Upon the DEATH OF THAT Incomparable Princeſs, Q. MARY: *With an Addreſs to His* MAJESTY.

By Mr. C.....

DIſſolv'd in Duſt the fair *MARIA* lyes,
Who was ſo wondrous Good, ſo Heav'nly Wiſe.
Ah! what avail'd Her Honours gain'd on Earth
That from an hundred Kings She drew Her Birth:
O *Britain*, now if ever, melt in Tears,
So much Thy Hopes or'e-clouded are by Fears.

AND You, *Great Sir*, whom Fate has left behind,
To Mourn the moſt accompliſh'd of Her Kind:
Take care, Heav'n bids You, of that Sacred Life,
And do not ſink beneath Your load of Grief.
To Arms, to Arms; I view a Glorious Day,
Lead on, and all Your Subjects will obey:
Till *France* dare not withſtand his conquering Foes;
And all His *Lilies* ſhrink before the *Roſe*.
No wonder, from on High *MARIA* brings
Whole Legions to ſupport the beſt of Kings.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by the Heirs and Succeſſors of *Andrew Anderſon*, Printer to His Moſt Excellent MAJESTY. 1695.